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SUSTAINING

UNCLE SAM'S FOREST RANGERS

EPISODE NO. 126

11:30 to 12:30 P.M.

NOVEMBER 16, 1934

FRIDAY

ANNOUNCER: Uncle Sam's Forest Rangers

ORCHESTRA: QUARTET: RANGER SONG

ANNOUNCER: In and near many of our western National Forests, one finds established mines where men are delving into some of the richest mineral deposits of our nation. Legitimate mining is a permitted activity on certain federal lands. Since early days, prospectors have roamed the western hills, searching for the elusive fortune, and Uncle Sam's Forest Rangers often count many an old-time prospector among their most valued friends and cooperators.

Well, let's see what's going on today up at the Pine Cone Ranger Station. Here's Ranger Jim Robbins and his assistant Jerry. Quick in the Ranger Station office:

JIM: Winds chilly today, since it's Jerry's I reckon, there's quite a bit of snow up at Annerline.

JERRY: Yeah. Do you think we could get up to George Barlow's cabin now, Jim?

JIM: Why, I reckon so. What for?

JERRY: I was talking to Doc Simpson last night and he's worried because old George hasn't come out yet.

JIM: That's right, Jerry. I hadn't thought about it, but George usually comes out of the hills above the first of the month. He's a couple of weeks late now.

JERRY: Yeah. The snow sure is making things pretty bad. Doc is afraid he might be sick.

BESS: (COMING UP) What was that, Jim? Who's sick?

JIM: We were just thinking about old George Barlow, Boss. The old prospector that was that cabin up beyond Vernal George. He usually comes down out of the hills before this.

BESS: Oh, I hope he's all right, Jim. The poor man, he's all by himself.

JIM: Jerry said Doc Simpson was pretty kind worried about him. Doc Simpson's been about-stalling his barlow for years. You know.

BESS: Yes, I know.

(PHONE RINGS)

JIM: (ANSWERING PHONE) Hello, Robbin cookin' -- Oh, hello Doc -- huh? You still worryin' about old George? (CHUCKLES) Why that old back-rat could come out of the hills in forty feet of snow -- Yeah, of course that would make a difference, but he was perky as ever when I stoped by there last month. (CHUCKLES) You doctors are always looking for a fellow to be sick.-- Yes, Jerry and I are going up into that country today. I reckon we'd better look him up, -- That's okay Doc, Not at all -- Goodbye. (HANGS UP) (TO JERRY AND BESS) That was Doc Simpson. He's really concerned about old George Barlow. I reckon we'd better stop by and see if he's all right.

JERRY: If the snow isn't too deep --

JIM: That'd be all the more reason. He may be all right, but -- old George is gettin' on in years, and he's pretty far off from the rest of the world, up there.

BESS: Oh, I do hope he's all right.

JIM: Well, we'll have to heat it, son, if we take that trip. It's colder up to timberline.

JERRY: Maybe we'd better take the bed-rolls and some chuck and stay at the Wagon Canyon Guard Station tonight.

JIM: That's a good idea, Jerry. You know a pain-killer on that peanut of yours and I'll get out the grub.

JERRY: (GOING OFF) Bye-bye, Jim

(SILENT INTERLUDE)

(SOUND OF HORSES WALKING)

JERRY: Yeah, it's a lonesome country up here after the stock is out. You don't see a living thing except horses.

JIM: Nope.

JERRY: I almost got so I like when there's nothing else around.

JIM: Yeah. If there's any cattle left up here they're doing their work pretty well. I'm satisfied they're all out. Whoa. (HORSES STOP) Stand still, Dolly.

JERRY: I guess we'd better let the horses chase a few minutes before we start over to see George. Yeah?

JIM: Yeah, might as well. It's going to be a tough trip across West Divide. -- There you go, Dolly.

JERRY: It looks like there's a lot of snow on West Divide. I wonder how deep it is.

JIM: Don't look Jim's horse. -- Say look over there just to the left of that long rock outcrop. (See that dark object?) -- Don't that look like a man?

JERRY: By George, it's moving -- wait -- I'll get out my binoculars.

JIM: Yeah, I can see clearly it's moving. Maybe it's old George Barlow coming in. I hope so. It'll save us a lot.

JERRY: (IMPATIENTLY) Hold still, Spark. Gosh, I can't see a thing the way he moves around.

JIM: Here, let me try it. What now Dolly -- Yeah, it's a man -- but it ain't George -- I'll tell you who it is -- Yes sir, it looks like Cal Dugan. I wonder what he's doing over in this country.

JERRY: Who's Dugan?

JIM: Why he's that old fellow that has a claim up near at Cloud Peak -- Queer old duck -- Let's ride over to meet him.

(CLUCKS TO HORSE)

JERRY: Get up Spark (SOUND OF HORSES) -- Oh, I remember him. He's the one that tells fortunes --

JIM: (CHUCKLES) Did he ever tell yours?

JERRY: Yeah -- he was down at Winding Creek one day telling the lumberjacks' fortunes to get a grub-stake --

JIM: (CHUCKLES) He told you that you were destined for bigger and better things in life.

JERRY: (SURPRISED) How did you know that?

JIM: (CHUCKLES) He told me that about twenty years ago, when I first met him.

JERRY: (DISGUSTEDLY) Well, I'll be darned. I thought he knew his stuff.

JIM: Maybe he does in your case, Jerry. Maybe you'll step up the ladder a few more rungs.

JERRY: Well, Jim, if I get as much out of life as you do, I'll be satisfied. Look! The old fellow's moving on us.

JIM: Yeah. Just saw us, I reckon.

DUGAN: (OFF) Hi, there, rangers! What's the nation air you fellows goin'?

JIM: (CALLS) Howdy, Cal. We were about to start up the hill to see George Barlow a minute. Whoa, Dolly. (HORSES STOP) Doc Simpson is kinda worried about George because he didn't come down at the usual time.

DUGAN: (UP) I just come from there. George is about to cash in his chips. I'm afraid, Jim.

JERRY: We wondered if he might be sick.

JIM: What's the matter with 'im?

DUGAN: I dunno -- He's awful bad, Jim. I went over yesterday and found him down in bed. Reckoned I'd better go for help this mornin'.

JERRY: I guess I'd better take over that job, Mr. Dugan. I'm well mounted, so I can make it quick.

DUGAN: I'll be appreciatin' of it, young feller.

JIM: Let's figure this out a minute. Is the new crusted woman to ride by, Cal?

DUGAN: She's solid plumb to the top, but sorta soft into the collar.

JIM: Well, that'll help some. Jerry, you wait it down and please Doc Simpson from the SOC team. He can drive as fast as Wagon Canyon.

JERRY: Yes. And I can wait in with my horse and bring him on up here.

JIM: That's the place! -- Well, you can go back with me. We'll take turns at riding.

DUGAN: Sure, it's a good enough for me, Jim. Never could ride a damned horse.

JERRY: I'll get back with Doc as soon as I can, Jim. (WHISTLES)
Come on Steve. (HORSE GALLOPS AWAY)

JIM: (CALLS) All right, Jerry. -- (TO DUGAN) You'd better get horseback riding Cal. That's going to be a hard climb in the snow. We'll take turns riding.

DUGAN: No sir.

MUSICAL INTERLUDE

(SOUND OF HORSE PLODDING IN SNOW)

JIM: How you makin' it Cal?

DUGAN: Sorta like my mind on horse. (WHEESES)

JIM: We're about to the top. Grab a half bolt on Dolly. She'll help you along.

DUGAN: Yeah so. Whoa, old gal. -- That sure sorta help, Jim.

JIM: Well, wire on top, Cal, it ought to be easier going from --

DUGAN: (GRUNTS) Hey -- what's the --

JIM: Whoa, Dolly? Whoa, old girl. (HORSE PLUTTERING)

DUGAN: Snow's not soft. The bottom dropped clean out on you.

JIM: Sure did. Guess I'll have to hoof it on in. Dolly, it looks like I'll have to tie you up to one of those scrub spruces.

DUGAN: There's an ol' tunnel right over yonder. You kin sit her in there if you kin sit her over there.

JIM: Yeah, I remember. The old abandoned Lucky Tom tunnel. Come on Dolly. (HORSE LUNGES) You're kinda lucky to have such a good shelter, old girl. (HORSE LUNGING - MEN WHEEZING)

JIM: There you are, old girl. I'm glad I put a feed of oats in my saddle bags, Cal.

DUGAN: I reckon the mare's sorta flat, too. Snowballs ain't so very fillin'.

JIM: Well, it's only a few steps down to George's cabin, or I'd need more'n snowballs. (PAUSE)

DUGAN: Durn th' snow.

JIM: Same here, Cal. (STAMPS FEET) Well, we're here.

DUGAN: Yeah. Hope George is --

JIM: Hold on, Cal. Listen. He's talking.

BARLOW: (OFF) I found it, Doc, after all these years - gold - look at it. Doc - pure gold.

JIM: He's clear out of his head. Come on, Cal.

DUGAN: Yeah, he raved like that all last night.

(SOUND DOOR OPENS - HINGES SCREECH)

JIM: Hello, old timer. How are you feeling?

BARLOW: (WEAK, SHAKY VOICE) Doc? You've come at last. (WHISPERS) Come here, look, Doc. It's gold.

JIM: (TO DUGAN) He thinks I'm Doc Simpson, Cal.

DUGAN: (LOW VOICE) Jim, didn't see you in the sand? In the place of rock and he thinks it's a gold ore - richness in the sand. Poor old George has been telling us for twenty years that the next spot would show up the gold.

DUGAN: Course he has - and now he thinks he's found it.

JIM: Let's slip up the fire and see what we can do for him.

DUGAN: I'll run up the fire, Jim, but we won't get certain. Dried potato! He told me all night.

JIM: We'll heat some water and clean him up a bit, maybe. The flesh smells like a tomato. There, George, is that better?

BARLOW: (WEAK VOICE) Yes, sir, Doc. Your grub-stake finally pinned out. (WHISPERS) Why, Doc, we've rich - richer than Miss.

JIM: Sure - sure, old man. Got the shot and try to sleep.

DUGAN: (EXCITED) Jim, for the love of Mike, look-over here - a whole box full!

JIM: Yeah, I see a box full of gold. George always said it was here.

DUGAN: No - this box - it's full of ore. (GOING OFF) Course if I ain't agoin' to look at that tunnel. (FOOTSTEPS RUNNING - DOOR)

JIM: (CALLS) Come back here you old lunatic!

BARLOW: (WILDLY) Doc - Doc - don't leave me here alone, please!

JIM: Take it easy, old fellow. Of course we won't leave you
Lie down now.

BARLOW: Why - why - it's you, Jim

JIM: Yes, George. I just dropped in to help you get down to
town.

BARLOW: (WEAKLY) I know Jim. I guess I'm about to the end of
the trail.

JIM: (CHEERILY) Oh, shucks. You'll be tracking up the old
trail a long time yet, George.

BARLOW: No, Jim. It's the end of the trail - I reckon -

JIM: Doc Simpson will soon be here and he'll fix you up as good
as new.

BARLOW: It's too late, Jim -- Good old Doc. He's been a loyal
old pal, Jim.

JIM: He thinks a lot of you, George.

BARLOW: I know - he grub-staked me a long time -- and (WHISPERS)
Look here, Jim - I've found this for him -- Gold -- it's
gold --

JIM: By gum, it does look like gold ore.

BARLOW: It is gold. Richest vein I ever found.

JIM: Why, George, if you're right, you'll be sitting on top
of the world.

BARLOW: Higher than that - I hope (GASPS)

JIM: Better lie down, George.

BARLOW: (WEAKLY) Always tried - to lay the - game straight - Jim - never had - much religion - but maybe - I'll get by - somehow.

JIM: (CHEERILY) Why, of course you will when your time comes George - but that's a long ways off yet. Now lie down and rest, old man.

BARLOW: No, Jim - I'll have - a long time - to rest - (GASPS) Open the window - will you - please?

JIM: Sure, George. (WINDOW RASPS OPEN)

BARLOW: I want to see - the sun setting - on the peaks - once more - it looks - just like - this gold - doesn't it, Jim?

JIM: Yes sir, that sun on the snow-caps looks like gold, George. It's a beautiful sight.

BARLOW: It's beautiful - beyond words (GASPS)

JIM: Can you see those rosy clouds back of Castle Peak, George?

BARLOW: That's been - my inspiration - for years - Jim - When I got - discouraged - all I had to do - was to look out - across that mountain - and (GASPS - STRANGLES)

JIM: I understand, George. Here, drink this and you'll feel better. Lie down now.

BARLOW: No Jim - I'm gaining - courage - to go on - again.

JIM: (CHEERILY) Why sure, George. You'll just begin to live now that you've made this rich strike.

(SHUTS DOOR)

DUANE: (COMING IN) Good, Jim —

JIM: Hello, Cal, what's the matter?

DUANE: I reckon I won't have much time, Jim. But I come for
a chance with you. I might be all right with you but I
is one thing Jim — I'm a man of business and I

JIM: Well, I'm not all right. I'm afraid Cal. Look, the matter
is a matter of fact, I'm not all right. I'm not all right.

DUANE: By George, it seems to look like I'm not all right. I'm not all right.

BARLOW: (GASPS) Jim, Jim. Real, old. We're rich. (GASPS)
Jim, Jim, I'm not all right. I'm not all right.

JIM: Sure, sure, sure.

BARLOW: You've always been a good friend — Jim.

JIM: I've tried to be, George.

BARLOW: Tell Doc. — (GASPS) (GASPS) Tell Jim — no more —

JIM: Sure, George — (PAUSE) He's gone, Cal — He's gone with
the last rays of the setting sun leaving the door in his
hand into the gold he searched for so long — Yes, old
men, I'll tell you — I'll tell you the God of our mountains
and I'll tell you the God of our mountains and I'll tell you the God of our mountains

(PAUSE)

ANNOUNCER: And so the old prospector finds gold at last -
Next Friday at this time, Uncle Sam's Forest Rangers will
be with us again. This program is presented by the
National Broadcasting Company, with the cooperation of
the United States Forest Service.

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